

AROUND THE WORLD.

Christian Education Stops Use of Baby Tower and Other Monstrous Cruelties.

LACK OF SYMPATHY IS CHARACTERISTIC

Any Crime Must Be Found Out Before It Is Considered Such and a Vile Life Considered Virtuous if Lived Undetected--Burial Mounds So Numerous the Country Looks Like a Vast Hay Field.

HONG KONG, Dec. 12, 1902.
China is a puzzle to me. The more I see of China and things Chinese, the more complex the tangle becomes. My trip to central China convinced me that this vast empire is simply trampling upon herself by her own ignorance and superstition. Where Christian education gain a footing, barbarism is slain and right thought paves the way to right acting. A few gospel teachers cannot transform teeming millions in a decade, but the families that become Christian cast aside the old for the newer and better. Old China maintains what is called the Baby Tower. New China, or Christian China, is as much opposed to the Baby Tower as America. The Baby Tower is a sort of a "Black Hole of Calcutta," a part of which extends above ground with an opening into which children are thrown to die when, for any reason, they are no longer wanted in the home. Into this catch-all the lifeless bodies of the very poor of all ages and sexes are thrown, when through the direst poverty a decent burial is impossible. The decent burial in Chinese eyes is the expensive service where an abundance of firecrackers, paid mourners, the burning of money and much feasting is on the program. Not to comply with the stereotyped form is considered disgraceful, an indication of unfilial piety, and all this is avoided by having no service whatever, the corpse being hurried into the tower at night when no one observes. The belief prevails throughout the empire, I am told, that any wrong or crime must be detected before it is considered a sin. Therefore every act of the vilest life is virtuous if unknown to any other person. If a dozen witnesses of unimpeachable character testify in court that they saw any person commit a crime, the person is pronounced innocent by the court until the person confesses. However, a greater amount of severe punishment is often administered to compel the person to confess than is afterward given as a penalty for the crime after confession. Every evening at five o'clock, people desiring to see what is called bambooning prisoners to secure confession or as a penalty for confessed crime or wrong, assemble at the prison or court of punishment and gaze at the barbarous treatment as it is administered. It is in vogue at Shanghai and at Foochow, and I have reason to believe that it is general. The female prisoners are lashed in the palms of their hands with sharp razor-like bamboo whips until the blood flows in rivulets. The men are stripped until almost naked, the bamboo switches are applied to their naked legs until the parts struck are a pulp. It requires no imagination on your part to fully comprehend the bloody spectacle. When three hundred lashes are prescribed, three men execute the sentence, each administering one hundred lashes and with a rapidity developed by much practice. While the sharp bamboo is doing its work, the writhing, shackled victim emits a sort of a sing-song yell, indicative of extreme pain. If the person stands the ordeal well, salt is rubbed into the bleeding wounds so that his misery is multiplied. At Foochow, a city of probably half a million, midway between Shanghai and Hong Kong, the Rev. W. H. Lacy says the bambooning is the common practice and that the Baby Tower is in general use among the non-Christian. In Foochow, the missionaries passing by this blood-freezing tower, have heard the cries of children but were unable to rescue them from their living tomb. Interference would mean death. The stench arising from this example of national night is nauseating and to think of innocent children being thrust into that receptacle of filth, vermin and death is almost sufficient to arouse one to call for the world's knights who are willing to go forth and die, if need be, for the emancipation of China.

Much valuable work is being done and flattering results are observable. Many individuals and young people's societies are maintaining schools especially in the Foochow district and the work is spreading throughout the empire. The Bible in the hands of Christian teachers has penetrated for 2000 miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang, leaving transformation along its pathway. The large American churches have publishing houses with commodious quarters at Shanghai and other strategic points, and he who offers one word of criticism on missions needs to come to China and behold with his own eyes the mightiest

transformation now in progress in the world's history. But if he comes here, lives in a hotel as many do, sees nothing more than the bambooning, frantic funerals and Baby Towers, he will say missions are a failure and that we had better call home our representatives. On the other hand let him make a fair investigation and he will say that the English language is impotent to picture the worth of the work already accomplished. In Foochow a converted Chinese gave the missionary society the first \$10,000 to build and equip a theological school for the training of workers to go out and rescue his fellow Chinese from heathenism.

A college chum of mine, Harry Caldwell, now a missionary and stationed near Foochow, was recently attacked by a tiger, but made a narrow escape. The Chinese are deathly afraid of the tigers, wild cats, wild dogs, leopards and wolves that are so common here. Four tigers attacked four men in a field the other day and only one man escaped, but the loss of one or two persons in a family is scarcely noticed so numerous is the progeny about every fireside. My friend travels a district and, being a good marksman, killed a wild hog that was doing much damage in a certain locality, and thereby won the lasting gratitude of the entire community, which regards him as a deliverer not only from religious bondage but also from the pest of the plains.

The Chinese are mound builders to this day. The very wealthy, who are scarce, have tombs for the reception of the dead, but the multiplied millions, who are in condition to escape the Baby Tower, are encased in heavy wood caskets, placed upon the level ground, and covered with dirt, some of the mounds rising many feet in height. The expression of "many feet" is not very definite, and resembles the statement of the American who described an article in question as being about as long as a piece of rope. However, the height of the mounds varies so much that one cannot risk making any certain height the standard. Some of the older ones are almost level on account of many beating rains and the consequence of time's ravages, while others are more than twenty feet in height. The encroachments of the Yang-tse have worn away many a mound leaving the caskets protruding in some instances while in others the caskets have floated away. If all China is similar to what I have seen, I would pronounce it one vast graveyard. Looking in any or every direction, the fields present the appearance of a vast hay field with haystacks studding every part. Transform these hay shocks or stacks into graves and your imagination will present to you a vivid picture of a Chinese plantation, provided, however, that you get them close enough to each other. In places they are too close to permit a self binder to pass through. As they do not use horses, farming among the graves is easily performed and every available square foot of ground is utilized. If this burial custom has been practiced for two or three thousand years, one does not need to wonder why so much ground is now covered with mounds. I am informed that some of the older fields, having become covered with mounds and therefore worthless for farming, have been purchased by persons having no relatives buried therein, and by them have been reduced to a level for agricultural purposes.

Wretchedness in living is caused by wretched thinking. Here the only help, in many instances, that is offered to a sick person besides the usual noise is a piece of flesh cut from the limb of a child. This piece is cut, causing the child much pain; it is fried and eaten expecting it to cure. Girls, who commit suicide because of ill treatment or because they are taught that it is a lasting disgrace to be born girls, are many in number. Girls are frequently punished by being stripped, beaten, and hung up by the feet to the ceiling. Girls and women are driven like cattle from place to place and sold. If they refuse to walk, wheelbarrows or carts are provided for their transportation. During one month the merchants reported that they could not secure carts to transfer their merchandise as they were all engaged in the lighter and more lucrative business of carrying women and girls for sale. An Englishman employed at Shanghai asserts that many grown people who die are neither buried nor thrown into the Baby Tower,

but are fed to the dogs. Some crush the body of the deceased to an indistinguishable mass in order to prevent the devil which inhabits it from returning to vex the family. Some drag heavy chains through the street, expecting the pest devil or cholera devil to get into the chain and be crushed. If a person is taken sick with what they consider a contagious disease, he is put into a room; the doors are barred, and the person is poked with a long pole now and then to learn whether he is dead.

The lack of sympathy is general. A foreign ship while on fire was run ashore where the Yang-tse Kiang empties into the sea. Instead of assisting the survivors to escape, the Chinese robbed the passenger who swam ashore, took their clothes and several were murdered. A Chinese hotel keeper refused to admit some very cold persons because he thought they might die on his hands. They remained out in the cold and died. Formerly a favorite mode of punishment was to bury the person alive. The Shanghai paper gave an account of a person being given two thousand strokes with a bamboo and then having his ankles broken with a hammer. One man says he saw prisoners being taken to jail with their hands nailed to a cart because the constable failed to bring his hand cuffs. The Chinese, like the Japanese, laugh when crying is more appropriate if there is to be any demonstration of sentiment. Two men laughed to see dogs eating a corpse on the road side. It is reported of a Chinese that he laughed to see his most constant companion dying. That is no more of shock, coming from a Chinese, than the excuse of a French lady, who requested her maid to return the card of a lady caller waiting at the door, and to inform her that she was extremely sorry that the visit must be postponed as she was then "engaged in dying."

E. C. HORN.
(To Be Continued.)

Legal Advertisements.

Order of Hearing.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss.
BOX BUTTE COUNTY, ss.
At a court held at the county court room in and for said county, January 12, A. D. 1903. Present, D. K. Spacht, County Judge. In the matter of the Craig Gookin estate. On reading and filing the petition of Isaac Gookin, praying a final settlement and allowance of his account, filed on the 12th day of January, 1903, and for his discharge. Ordered, that January 31, A. D. 1903, at 9 o'clock a. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at said court, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the Alliance Herald, a weekly newspaper printed in said county, for two successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing. D. K. SPACHT, County Judge. (A true copy.) 1-16-21

Proposals For Jail.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids for the erection of a jail building for Box Butte county will be received at the office of the county clerk until January 17, at 1 o'clock p. m. Plans and specifications of the proposed building may be inspected at the office of the county clerk. Each bid shall be accompanied by a bond in the sum of \$1,000 conditioned for the faithful performance of any contract awarded in conformity with the above accompanying said bond. The county commissioners reserve the right to reject all bids. S. M. SUMNER, County Clerk. 1-22-03

Estray Notice.

Taken upon November 24, 1902, by the undersigned in Nempeh precinct, two red steers, the yearling, one has small white spots on the side. The one that is all red has an indistinct brand on right hip which looks like the letter K. The owner of said property can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. THEODORE COLVIN. 1-23-03

Notice.

Order of Hearing on Petition for Settlement of Account. State of Nebraska, ss. Box Butte County, ss. At a court held at the county court room in and for said county, Dec. 27, A. D. 1902. Present, D. K. Spacht, County Judge. In the matter of the estate of Joel T. Earl. On reading and filing the petition of Wm. J. Earl praying a final settlement and allowance of his final account, filed on the 27th day of December, 1902, and for his discharge. Ordered, that January 24, A. D. 1903, at 1 o'clock p. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at said court, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the Alliance Herald, a weekly newspaper printed in said county, for two successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing. D. K. SPACHT, County Judge. (A true copy.) Seal.

Notice.

In the County Court of Box Butte County, Nebraska, NELSON FLETCHER, Notice to non-resident G. S. HALL, defendant. G. S. Hall will take notice that on the 17th day of January, 1903, D. K. Spacht, County Judge in and for Box Butte county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$285 in an action pending before him, wherein Nelson Fletcher is plaintiff and G. S. Hall defendant, that property of defendant consisting of money has been attached in hands of Nelson Fletcher under said order. Said cause was continued to the 25th day of March, 1903 at 2 o'clock a. m. NELSON FLETCHER, Plaintiff.

Estray Notice

Taken up by the undersigned on his premises, section 6, town 28 range 49, five head of steers; one three-year-old, red mottled line back; one three-year-old, pale red; one three-year-old, dark red; one two-year-old, light red; one two-year-old, dark red; all marked in left ear, upper bit or slit in left ear; one branded "two straight bars up and down on right hip; no other marks or brands perceivable. JAMES HOLLINRAKE, Hemingford, Nebr.

If you want something that is a good thing for cold weather and dust get Hill's patent automatic door strip, on exhibition at Newberry's Hardware, County agent, W. E. Gillett, phone 236. 12-12-11

A COOL FISHERMAN.

The Story of How He Landed a Great Big Beauty.

Row slowly now. A little nearer to the shore. There, that's right. Steady, now. This eddy looks like a good place. The left oar; just a little. There, that's fine. Just by these lily pads a large one was caught the other day. Gee whiz! Did you see that? A strike, and he was a beauty, too--an eight pounder, I'll bet. Back water, quick, till I try him again. Steady, now. This is the place. I guess we've m'ed him. No, by Jove, there he was again! He's got it; he's got it! Turn her out into deep water. He's in the fly pads now and a goner sure! Thunderation, and he was a monster! Must have weighed at least ten pounds. No; there he is! He is still hooked; he is all right; he is free from the lilies; he is free! Steady, now. Put the oars in the boat. See the pole. He bends it nearly double. And doesn't he make the reel sing! Now he has turned. He is coming toward us! Hand me that landing net! Quick, quick! He is going under the boat! He will snap the line! Holy smoke, there he goes! Grab the line--grab the line. I say! Have you got it? Keep him fast, now. Just a second, Steady, now. There he goes into the net. Here he is in the boat. We have him. He is safe. And isn't he a beauty? Isn't he a beauty, a dandy, a crackerjack, a peach? He will go above six pounds, if he weighs an ounce. Wasn't he lively? Did you see him make that three foot leap out of the water? You didn't? Man, where were your eyes? Row in now, and we will weigh him. How much did you say? Four pounds and two ounces! Pshaw! That can't be right. Your scales are not accurate. Well, he's a beauty anyway. It took a full half hour to tire him out and land him. Three minutes, you say! Oh, you're mistaken! That can't possibly be. It was surely longer than that! He was a fighter to the last. Excited when I caught him! Naw; not a bit! Cool as a cucumber--just as I am now. He certainly is a beauty.--Forest and Stream.

THE OLD WOOD FIRE.

Putting the Big Backlog in Place Was Quite a Job.

After the evening chores were done my father would appear in the doorway with the big backlog coated with snow, often of ampler girth than himself and fully breast high to him as he held it upright, canting it one way and another and walking it before him on its wedge shaped end. He would perhaps stand it against the chimney while he took a breathing spell and planned his campaign. Then, the andirons hauled forward on the hearth and the bed of half burned brands and live coals raked open, the icy log was walked into the chimney, where a skillful turn would lay it over, hissing and steaming, in its lair of hot embers. It seemed a thing alive, and its vehement sputtering and protesting made a dramatic moment for at least one small spectator.

The stout shovel and tongs or perhaps a piece of firewood used as a lever would force it against the chimney back; then a good sized stick, called a "back stick," was laid on top of it, and the andirons were set in place. Across the andirons another good sized stick was laid, called a "fore stick," and in the interspace smaller sticks were crossed and thrust and piled, all quickly kindled by the live coals and brands. In very cold weather a fire was kept burning all night, our father getting up once or twice to replenish it. Even in summer the coals rarely became extinct. A good heap of them covered with embers at bedtime would be found alive when raked open in the morning. --J. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic.

Cromwell.

On the morning of the 1st of May, 1637, there occurred an incident that, unnoticed at the time, afterward proved to be one of the turning points of history. Eight immigrant ships lay in the Thames ready to sail. A body of pilgrims were about to embark, and Oliver Cromwell and his famous cousin, John Hampden, were among them. But they were stopped at the landing by a guard of soldiers. The king had decreed that his subjects should not leave England. Cromwell stayed, and with him, as Macaulay wrote, "stayed the evil genius of the house of Stuart." Had Cromwell and his friends been allowed to carry out their project of emigration the whole history of the English civil war might have remained unwritten.

A Misfit Quotation.

An attaché of a religious bookstore has spent so many years of his life among theological volumes that he is Scriptural or nothing, but he sometimes evolves a misfit. When his attention was called the other day to a rose neatly attached to the lapel of his coat and an insinuation thrown out that a lady friend might have had something to do with it, he paralyzed the insinuator by saying, "No, sir; I gathered that rose from my own vine and fig tree."

A Slander.

The Bachelor--I wonder why those flats are not supplied with warm water pipes like the others? The Benedict--They are probably intended for married men. The Bachelor--Does that make a difference? The Benedict--Yes. When a man is married, his wife generally "keeps him in hot water."--Philadelphia Record.

Fatal Enough.

"Do you think my new novel covers the ground?" "Well, I caught a brief glimpse yesterday of a man who had just read it, and he was certainly covering the ground!"--Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. Allen, dentist, opera house.

Unconditional Surrender...

It's an unconditional surrender of dirt in bundles left with us. Improved methods and machinery enables us to do this without injury to the cloth--no pounding, banging, tearing or ripping in our work.

Immaculate cleanliness, desirable finish, satisfied customers are the results obtained.

Alliance Steam Laundry

For a Full Line of...

Staple and Fancy Groceries

Best Coffees, Finest Teas, Superior Flours,

That Can't be Real in Town...

Queensware, Tinware and Enamelled ware

CALL ON

Yours for Fair Dealing.

A. D. Rodgers

SAVE YOUR FUEL!

Alcheson & Foder's, HARDWARE.

Harvey's Bowling Alleys

Heathful exercise and amusement for ladies and gentlemen

THREE FIRST-CLASS ALLEYS. F. T. HARVEY, Proprietor. East Side of Main Street.

Dierks' Lumber and Coal Co.

Lumber and Building Materials....

Coal and Wood.

We Can Also Make You a Loan in the

Nebraska Central Building and Loan Association. SO AS TO HELP YOU GET A HOME.



Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES

RANCH SUPPLIES.

The Best of EVERYTHING

Our Prices are Right. Give Us a Trial Order.

Jas. Graham.

PHONE 50.



Keith J. Pierce.

Fire Insurance.

HEMINGFORD, NEBRASKA.

Agent for the Caledonian, of Scotland, which insures town property only, and the Columbia, which insures town and farm property and live stock. Both are reliable old line companies.

Notarial Work.

Contractor and Builder.

Turning and Scroll Work and all Kinds of Shop Work....

Estimates Furnished GEO. G. GADSBY,

Brick Shop West of Alliance National Bank, Alliance, Neb.

And be more comfortable by using GOSPER'S METALIC WEATHER STRIPS. ON DOORS AND WINDOWS. BEST OF THE MARKET.

You can find it with a lot of other good things in Stoves, Enamelled ware, etc., at.....